

Eng. Poetry vol. 41.
DON COBLERO:

OR, THE

MOCK BARON.

A

BURLESQUE POEM.

EX QUOVIS LIGNO NON FIT MERCURIUS.

K. J. 7



L O N D O N:

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T O

The R E A D E R.

AS it was not thro' vanity, or any particular prejudice that I attempted to burlesque DON COBLERO in the following pages; but merely to fill up a vacant hour, (when the duty of my calling, and other unavoidable circumstances admitted a suitable opportunity). If therefore the reader shou'd meet with entertainment from any strokes of humour thrown out on the occasion; as such in no respect designedly glance at any individual (either in the reciprocal character, or any other therein describ'd) So I flatter myself that such inoffensive railery will in some measure atone for any impropriety, or other ludicrous sallies and defects of a Juvinile Muse; in assurance of which, I subscribe myself the reader's most humble servant,

F. J.

THE HISTORY OF

the city of London
from the first settlement
to the present time
by John Stow
1618

D



W
B
O



DON COBLERO:

OR, THE
MOCK BARON.

The ARGUMENT.

*The former part gives true relation
Of low, and elevated station;
Transactions rare compose the middle,
And various characters unriddle:
With flights of fancy, lies and travels;
The bard concludes, the whole unravels:
Then courteous Reader listen to it,
Nor criticize, but spare the Poet.*

A Quondam knight, distinguish'd hero,
Whom now the Muse styles Don Coblero:
The doughty baron, lord of Soak,
With all deference be it spoke
By Fate's award, demise of grannum, 5
Of late, fell thirty pounds per annum:

But

But of the livery and seisin,

The Muse declines all further * leasing,

And waves the point with solid reason.

Since first, 'tis fit to give relation,

Of birth, his learning, education ;

From thence by steps to trace the hero,

From vulgar Cob, to Don Coblero.

Imprimis, then let none upbraid,

(Tho' probably it may be said)

That Cob was but obscurely bred,

Yet shew'd those sparks in childish days,

Which future years produc'd in blaze :

Observe this maxim, high or low,

That boys are men in embryo.—

Now Cob most certain, on the whole

Was form'd with great, elated soul ;

On fancy's wing deem'd 'self a great man,

A poet, connoisseur, and statesman :

In every thing exceeding flighty,

From poor distress'd, to high and mighty :

* Obsolete word for lying.

Was call'd by some a boy of sense,
 Pursuing verb thro' mood and tense;
 Cou'd sing a catch, give repartee,
 Repeat in As, Prop. and Quæ Ge; 30
 Define annuities, amounts,
 Both write a hand, and cast accounts.
 At eighteen years ~~turn'd~~ Renegado,
 Had tasted Knout and Bastinado;
 Avoided always old or new rope, 35
 Tho' flogg'd in diff'rent parts of Europe.
 His spirits rais'd with mirth or stingo.
 Produc'd an oath in ev'ry * lingo,
 Or Votre Santè, but what more strange is,
 Talk'd ribaldry from Thames to Ganges; 40
 Preserv'd near fifty grand receipts,
 For b—o—, f—k—r, or the g——ts;
 Discours'd of feats by land and water
 In foreign tongue, or Russian smatter;
 Spanish, Dutch, both high and nether, 45
 Match for Hugh and Ralph together:

* Language.

8 *D O N C O B L E R O*: Or,

That Spain had now confer'd upon him,

A favour, which in time wou'd Don him;

This declaration of the hero

Produc'd the nick-name Don Coblero.

50

Returning now from fav'rite tour,

Ten times more vicious than before;

Rejecting virtues, vices gleaning,

O fashionable * boobykinging!

His worth intrinsick, thus reveal'd

55

A miracle! and yet conceal'd;

Despis'd, dishonour'd, disregarded,

Unknown, unnotic'd, unrewarded.—

“ From false conceptions of the brain,

“ We ape, project, and strive in vain;

60

“ But high the genius ne'er can rise,

“ If nature's aid the gift denies.”

The Hero now in mind distress'd,

With poverty aed hunger press'd;

The calls of nature still increas'ing,

65

To live,—exist was almost ceasing:

* Vid. OLD WOMAN'S MAGAZINE, Journey to Paris.

Whence

Whence pumping wits, he schem'd device,
 To poison rats—and trap the mice,
 So straight commenc'd great undertaker,
 A vermin flay'r, a mouse-trap maker ; 70
 Then wore for badge, a coat of ermine,
 The fur of rats and other vermin ;
 Whence seldom guess'd for lord or statesman,
 But complimented Seignior Baits-man.

Young Timothy his orders waited, 75
 In arts to be initiated ;
 Or terms yet plainer my intent is,
 To signify that Tim was 'prentice.
 No sooner's Cob of lands possess'd,
 Than Tim must be like footman drest, 80
 In livery, tho' of small expence,
 For what's the sum of fifteen pence ?
 Which suit by most, 'tis now agreed,
 Was stolen from corps of invalid ;
 Some few indeed will have it high born, 85
 In line direct from famous Tyburn.

Be

10 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

Be this as 'twill the grateful donor,

Invelopes Tim in badge of honour :

Who now appears no paltry fellow,

In cloth of red, fac'd up with yellow ;

90

Did I say red, 'twas rather blue,

Or mixture of a peas-bloom hue ;

By folds superfluous, useless stitches,

'Twou'd make him waistcoat, coat and breeches ;

Says Timothy, this coat I doubt,

95

Wants taking in, not letting out ;

Coblero then severely wrangled,

Declares the liv'ry shan't be mangled :

Poor Tim thus cas'd, appear'd as stark as

A walking-coat in search of carcase.—

Now quitting Timothy and dress,

100

Again Coblero takes his place ;

Who orders man to pack up luggage,

For country journey, bag and baggage ;

I must, quoth he, go visit manour,

According to the will of donor ;

105

And

And there discharge the duty, oh ! }

Incumbent on the heir at law.

Come now my boy; let's post accompts,

And see to what my cash amounts ;

A journey fifty miles from hence,

110

Must run me to a great expence :

A paltry fellow, boor or hog,

With ease might reach th' estate incog ;

But my importance may be guess'd,

By you my boy, like footman drest.

115

Then answer'd Tim, to balance even,

Your cash and bills are one pound seven,

'Tis no great sum to take abroad,

But must we trap upon the road ?

How trap, thou fool ? detested word,

120

How grates the sound on ear of lord ;

And further, look to't at your peril,

You ever mention rat or * squirrel ;

Or that I e'er was undertaker,

To poison rats—turn'd mouse-trap maker ;

125

* The Hero hunted squirrels.

Or

Or that my honour ever were

Of any sort artificer.

From hence you must at every word,

Address me thus, my Lord, my Lord.—

“ What motive is it, shame or pride ? 130

“ That guards with care the weaker side,

“ No matter, take this admonition,

“ Too much concern creates suspicion ;

“ Suspicion, whether wrong or right,

“ Scarce bears the test of publick fight.” 135

I now beg leave for small digress,

To explicate Cobler's dress,

Whose hat appear'd an eagle colour,

And truly crimp'd from Kevenhuller ;

The corners too severely fluted, 140

With obtuse angles, or accuted ;

And cut thro' crown in such direction,

As nearly prov'd a conic section ;

Beneath this hat a monstrous wig,

With an intention to look big ; 145

The

The tail whereof, tho' somewhat shrunk,
 Reach'd nearly down to breech, or trunk :
 When hat upon his head took place,
 In profile then you view'd the face :
 To give a clearer demonstration, 150
 The right orb suffer'd occultation ;
 The left did well this loss repair,
 As doubly fierce it seem'd to glare ;
 His nose from hat, 'twould make you laugh,
 Was variation, point and half ; 155
 His head quite cas'd with wig and great hat,
 Save an aperture just to eat at.
 His Sunday-coat, furnam'd le Grand,
 (A strange Surtout of foreign land)
 Cob said, amongst the Portuguese 160
 'Twou'd fetch him near a thousand Reas.
 A ruff'd shirt, with other rags,
 Compos'd two bundles, call'd his bags.—
 His person next : to take in all
 From vertex down to pedestal ; 165
 Was

14 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

Was neither thickest or the smallest,

Nor yet the lowest, or the tallest,

Since he cou'd measure at a pinch,

Just five feet nothing to an inch ;

But not to try your patience further,

170

His body seem'd of Tuscan order.—

The arms, offending and defensive,

Declare we next, tho' not expensive :

A sword he wore, not richly furnish'd,

'Twas neither very sharp, or burnish'd ;

175

The edge took up some time in finding,

And nearly half a day in grinding ;

Then wrote, to shew 'twou'd cut or stab hard,

Memento mori on its scabbard,

Yet ne'er design'd to slash or gore 'em,

180

But plac'd the motto in *Terrorem* :

For swords of late are wore so common,

'Tis hard to say by man, or no man :

Braggado, as a badge of strength,

Wears hanger of enormous length ;

185

Defines

Defines it no unlawful weapon,
The moral's this, a spitted capon ,
So vice versa, take my word,
The sword wears brag, not brag the sword.
Left this discourse be out of joint, 190
Return we to our former point.
Coblero bought whip, spur, and boot,
To seem a horseman, tho' on foot ;
Deception forms in each degree,
Appearance for reality : 195
But what resulted from it most,
The horseman is prefer'd by host ;
And if to host there seem'd pretence,
His horse fell lame a mile from thence.
In this decorum on they travel, 200
Till both were tir'd back and navel,
Yet Tim was forc'd to put best fare on,
Left he should disoblige the baron :
Whose courage not the least forsook him,
You might have for a Stoic took him; 205
Quoth

16 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

Quoth he, my valour naught disguises,

The more deprest, the higher't rises :

His footman quite of different nature,

All courage lost through wind and water,

Which copiously had dows'd 'em both, 210

The footman Tim by too much cloth

Had certainly without great care,

Seen upper region of the air.

Now if he'd but possess'd that space,

Then might the astronomic race ; 215

Declare him equal to the fight,

Of famous Sydropelic Kite :

The Baron's case appear'd much worse,

Abus'd by centripetal force.

The wind was hush'd, the weather fair, 220

The sky appear'd serene and clear ;

Coblero spoke, adieu all hardship,

'Tis just a mile from my own Lordship ;

At this the footman's spirits nettle,

Declar'd himself case harden'd metal. 225

What

What glory's here for you and me,
What must your tenants think at we?
This reach'd by chance the Baron's ear,
Quoth he the honour, which you wear,
Belongs to me, thy Lord's perfection, 230
Gleams only on thee by reflection;
The borrow'd lustre, thou hast on,
All flows from me, another sun;
A moon thou art, compar'd with me,
An opaque orb, dark Timothy. 235
Now whilst each rest their bones on stile,
To ease their joints and breath awhile:
Take this description of the place,
Some call't a common, some a chace.
Eleven houses just are found, 240
Within the space of eight miles round,
To this estate, he's legal heir
Thro' grandpapa, the forester.
Returning now to Don Coblero,
The mighty, hardy, daring hero; 245

18 *D O N C O B L E R O*: Or,

In silence now had pass'd an hour,

As tho' to speak he wanted power ;

This Lord, in things of darkeſt nature,

Wou'd pull off ſhoe, untie a garter, ,

Then raiſe his front, like Naze or headland, 250

With hills and flats as rough as Sweedland ;

'Twas then the hero wou'd impart,

The dark receſſes of his heart :

Go boy, ſays he, go carry word

To tenants, that approaching Lord 255

Demands their preſence, that no damage

May take effect, thro' want of homage :

Thus full commiſſion'd Tim advances,

To ſummon firſt the tenant Francis ;

From thence about a mile muſt wander, 260

To cite the vaſſel, Caleb Saunder :

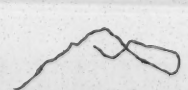
But to inſiſt on names no further,

He convokes the reſt in order.

Here Tim to tenants gave relation,

Of Lord's ſublime, exalted ſtation : 265

Yet



Yet in description over nice,

By thoughtless hints of trapping mice.

" Observe from hence 'tis past all arts,

" To make him shine who has no parts :

" A duck returns to proper * Gens, 270

" Tho' hatch'd by turkey, geese or hens ;

" From verge of pond, with anxious chuck,

" The hen solicits wand'ring duck ;

" In vain she spends each fleeting hour,

" To rob dame Nature of her power : 275

" So knaves and villains in what sphere,

" Or character they chuse t'appear,

" Will in effect deceive and rob,

" Rascality's their primum mob.

" In my opinion, to be brief, 280

" A thief will always be a thief."

Let's now look back on simple Tim,

With loyal tenants thronging him,

Who by his Lordship, 'tis believ'd,

Were all most courteously receiv'd. 285

* Species.

20 *D O N C O B L E R O*: Or,

To paint exact no mortal can,

With what a grace Cob led the van,

The footman also did appear,

Exceeding grand, and clos'd the rear;

His Lordship cries cam on dependents,

290

I speak to you my worthy tenants;

With flourish then claps hand on sword;

Some minutes pass'd before a word:

To this effect, at length he spoke,

What think you of your Lord of Soak?

295

I'm cam'd to Court, as one may say,

And like o'that, shall fix the day:

The greeting o'er, the Lord at leisure,

Thus deign'd to signify his pleasure;

My lads, says he, I think 'tis meet,

300

To hold Court-baron and Court-leet;

Which yet at present I adjourn,

Till ten o'clock to-morrow morn.

The morning come, his Lordship rises

And thus in bed poor Tim surprizes,

305

I under-

I understand thou hast not slept ill,
Somniferous dog, thou dormant reptile;
Arise, my tenants wait below,
You know it well, I tell you so.
Now seats prepar'd for tenants sitting 310
On planks or chairs, as Lord thought fitting;
“ L—ds are regardless what they bench on,
“ If cushion'd well with P—t or P——n.”
But for himself had thus projected,
To have a bench of state erected; 315
His reason this, quoth he, were no man's,
Unless we copy ancient Romans.
O fatal change! a diff'rent scene,
'Twas more thro' impudence than spleen;
The stranger Sly, by odd illusion, 320
Involv'd the court in great confusion;
For as his Ratship was elated,
And in his chair of state instated,
Says Sly, he fembles, by my soul,
The bear that's whirl'd about the Pole: 325

No sooner spoke than one with care,

Safe brings it to the Baron's ear ;

Who conscious of his lordly figure,

Almost dethron'd himself with vigour :

With fiery eyes and stomach full,

330

Erects the suburbs of his skull,

Shakes senseless head with greater rage,

Than Bajazet at iron cage ;

But hark, says he, the fellow spoke,

Too freely of a Lord of Soak ;

335

Was he my equal, on my word,

I'd justice have at point of sword ;

'Tis I the flame, 'tis he the fewel,

Behold the scabbard, will you duel ?

Thus fir'd with wrath, the Baron swears,

340

He'll try him by his Brother-Peers ;

Condemn him instantly before him,

By scandal Magnus magnorum :

Odz—ns, says Frank, my Lord's no dullard,

He is a strange, most nation scholard.

345

The

The Baron cries illiterate whelp,
What's Alfa, Befä, Gramma, Delp,
Can hobs contend with men of knowledge,
Or logic chop, like us at college?
The stranger now who court disturb'd, 350
By sword and learning thus was curb'd;
Now after pithy short oration,
The Lord commands the proclamation,
Therein relate my titles, honour,
As Lord alone in this my manour; 355
Then Tim proclaims with thrice O yes,
This is my master, that it is;
My Lordship-master, now's not that man,
Which once he was, when Cob the rat-man.
O Lord, my Master! rat! my Lord! 360
Have mercy on me! mouse! that word;
At which the Baron in fell rage,
Drove Tim the bailiff off the stage;
Internally was struck with thunder,
At footman Tim's enormous blunder; 365

Thus was the hero's downy plumage,
 Pluck'd off, on pinnacle of homage;
 Alas the good, the great, the brave,
 Must weather many a stormy wave;
 The Lydian King misfortunes stole on, 370
 Remark the exclamation Solon!
 The Barons use't on all occasions,
 Invented excellent evasions;
 Now instantly dismiss'd the court
 In pretty manner, modest sort; 375
 Observe the purport of dismissal,
 Without subtraction or addition;
 Since 'tis allow'd, as I was thinking,
 Respect improves by social drinking;
 So now observe, I know 'twill please ye, 380
 From suit and service, I release ye:
 Bring, bring a bowl, with pipes and glasses,
 I pray you tenants keep your places;
 Such posts you know are mine to give,
 The Baron's sole prerogative. 385

A bowl

A bowl was brought of best French brandy,
 'Twas fit for Baron, Count, or Grandee ;
 The apparatus thus before 'em,
 In neatest order and decorum ;
 The Baron strokes his chin or dewlap, 390

Then drinks a health of cordial julep ;
 Come tenant Francis, to your health,
 Success, prosperity, and wealth ;
 Have free access, lo I command
 A place for thee, at my right hand ; 395

Now Francis, of that sov'reign grease,
 Had palm'd his hand with half a piece :

“ Money's the modern Delphic oracle,
 “ Pronouncing answers to a miracle ;
 “ How many votaries adore, 400
 “ Its strange effect, or sovereign pow'r,
 “ Real merit either good, or worse is,
 “ By gravity specific purses.”

We'll now resume our former story,
 With Lord on fir deal feat of glory ; 405
 And

26 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

And Francis next his Lord in power,

In consequence but one step lower :

Both Lord and tenants flush'd with liquor,

Begin to move their organs quicker :

Old Frank in raptures, on a sudden,

410

Cries Lord, thou art a nation good one ;

Your person's dreadful to behold,

And sword appears most nation bold.

Says Saunder, just to curry favour,

Thou art so mortal full of glaver ;

415

My Lord's too wise, he does not need it,

Thy mortal tongue, can aught exceed it ?

Stop, quoth the Lord, 'tis time I see

To interpose authority ;

Were each like me a man of parts,

420

Companion of the lib'ral arts :

With riches, title, birth and honour,

A Spanish Don, a Lord of Manor,

And like o'that, with small obeisance,

You might use freedom in my presence :

425

What

What tho' from service you'r exempt,
Yet too much freedom breeds contempt;
Observe and mark, says tenant Francis,
'Tis nation true what Lord advances.

This sycophant, t'appear more civil, 430
Had made his neck a perfect swivel,
Which way the Baron, he inclin'd.

Like weathercock at every wind;
Still veer'd about as Lord wou'd have it,
Or as the Baron's breath wou'd give it; 435

Motion or rest, 'twas a score,
He d—mn'd when e'er the Baron swore.

" How shocking must his case appear,
" Who risques his soul thro' slavish fear;

" Or does it interest e'er advance, 440

" To loose the soul thro' complaisance?

" May honesty's internal spark,

" That beauteous glow-worm in the dark;

" Teach nobler souls to censure freely.

" Vice, or in rags, or cloth'd genteely." 445

The

He's been from end to end you see,
 Abuser of my clemency :
 The scoundrel talks he knows not what,
 Pallee voo Fraunceee, take you that.
 Ods lud, says Frank, I swear and vow, 470
 You've dealt the fool a nation blow ;
 'Tis plain, cry'd Frank, to be discerned,
 Your Lordship is most mortal learned ;
 These high encomiums rais'd his valour,
 Tho' nearly four'd into cholar ; 475
 Erect then stands without a word,
 With dreadful curve claps hand on sword ;
 Breaks silence thus, my old acquaintance,
 What troops have we brought to repentance :
 With thee in hand, what numbers slain, 480
 With thee thro' corp cut lane and lane ;
 Bewilder'd thus in dreadful wars,
 Quoth he, I'm shaking hands with Mars.
 I've read the various acts and lives,
 Of all the heathen Gods and wives ; 485
 Left

30 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

Left catalogue your thoughts bewilder,

Observe, I take in all their childre ;

Whose diff'rent volumes great and small,

Wou'd fill each room in Burleigh-hall :

He now attempts the murd'ring saw, 490

From deathly sheath to lug or draw ;

Lo ! sharp contest, 'twixt sword and master,

(Concomitant with foul disaster)

The point thro' struggle caught a board,

And quite dethron'd the mouse-trap Lord. 495

In this ignoble grov'ling state,

The punch began to operate ;

And met not with the least obstruction,

In circulation or refluxion.

In confusion, some kept urging 500

'Twas proper Lord shou'd have a Surgeon,

And thence concluding, all agree

To fetch old Crambo Recipe ;

Who, as he dwelt at no great distance,

Came instantly to Lord's assistance : 505

The

The moment Cram saw Baron's face,
 I understand your shocking case;
 Strip off the sleeve, you must be bled man,
 Or in a moment your'e a dead man :
 Those pains acute which thus your back teaze, 510
 Spring from contorsions of the Lactes.
 From dreadful symptoms of the Colon,
 I greatly fear 'tis not a whole one.

But oh ! astonishing Imago,
 The Ensiformis Cartilago : 515
 Has disengag'd itself from Sternum,
 'Tis ipso facto, I discern 'em.

A sovereign antidote I'll get,
 The never-failing Crocus Met :
 The Recipe of general use is, 520
 For outward cuts and inward bruises :
 It helps degestion, forces gravel,
 Contusions heal, assists in travail :
 Reduces fractures, dislocations,
 Prevents all acid eructations. 525

'Tis

32 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

'Tis mine, I say, beware of cheats,

Be cautious pray, of counterfeits.

I wish both houses cou'd be brought,

To take it into serious thought ;

A fine severe, or heavy tax,

530

On false physicians, strolling quacks :

Those d—d impostors some prefer

To me, a Doctor regular.

Who ne'er in life with me cou'd read,

With me, and my own cousin Mead :

535

In this sort ended Cram's discourse,

Accented with vehement force.—

We'll now return to Sly the stranger,

Who judg'd himself not out of danger ;

In this distracted hurly burly,

540

He judg'd the hobblings might turn furly ;

Then call'd aside to silver lecture,

Old Saunder, Frank, and Cram the doctor ;

The bait had its desired ends,

Then all protest to be his friends ;

445

He

He now returns with suppliant tone,
Entreats for what is past and done ;
Confess'd, his tongue had been provoking
But the Lord had deem'd it joaking.

From this and other such behav'or, 550
The stranger is restor'd to favour.—

Now, quitting Sly, we go to Lordship,
Whose fortitude surmounts all hardship ;

No spark of courage, he had lost,
But seem'd with valour reforc'd ; 555

For batter'd corps he did not care,
Tho' bruis'd as small as potted hare ;

Or was his body full of slashes,
And hack'd like roasted pork with gashes,
He'd freely undergo the torture, 560

To die in honour's bed a martyr :
Then strait leap'd up amongst 'em all,

Says he, I'm greater by my fall :

That all the mischief he'd receiv'd

Was but a tooth lost, he believ'd. 565

C

Then

34 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

Then with addrefs, deportment great,
Replac'd himfelf on bench of ftate,
With Saunder, Frank, and fo, and fo,
Yea, ev'ry part in ftatu quo.

With accent grand, my Lord then faid, 570
'Stronomic lectures I have read ;
On Newton's and Copernic fyftem,
From whence I judg'd fome planets mifs'd 'em,
But reach the chalk, you know time flips,
I'll give the Type of an eclipse : 575
Obferve me here this crooked circle,
In which the fiery planets fparkle ;
Shall represent the diff'rent faces,
Of moon eclips'd in all her cafes ;
Be careful, Sirs, left I entangles 580
Your unlearn'd heads with lines and angles ;
This pointed dafh which joins the center,
Directs, lunicular fhadows enter :
The fun's great difh, with light fuperior,
Puts out the moonal light inferior : 585

Reply'd

Reply'd old Frank, if not too busy,
 A point their is not mortal easy ;
 The case is this, or this the case is,
 What gives the diff'rent forms and faces ;
 She's sometimes whole, at others chopt, 590
 Or rather as a turnep scoop'd ;
 His Lordship answer'd lo ! between us
 And other planets shines fair Venus,
 Fair Venus shines (ham) other shining,
 The like o'that, 'tis hard defining ; 595
 Yet when the moon appears most hollow,
 From demonstration it must follow ;
 Most certainly she's past the full,
 For 'tis observ'd, that notch or hole,
 Will soon fill up, or close up soon, 600
 With moony junior, or new moon :
 Frank shook his head, and said good lack,
 You'd make a mortal almanack :
 Reply'd the Baron, I'll aver,
 I was begot astronomer ; 605

36 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

And near ally'd, I dare engage,

To th' greatest of the present age ;

As Hally, Keil, above a dozen,

Sir Isaac was my second cousin.

Now all this learning I rehearse,

610

I can with ease translate to verse,

With greatest ease, you've heard, I hope,

Of uncle Swift, godfather Pope.

Now quitting all those flights politic,

I'll change the subject to poetic ;

615

Upon my honour, I declare,

We shall have either peace or war,

But which, or both, is known to no man,

I saw a raven, no good omen ;

His flight was near my boy and me,

620

Then perch'd himself upon a tree ;

He plum'd his wings, and whet his beak,

And thought of war, cou'd he but speak.

Had Empress Queen, and King of Poland,

Their kingdoms in the States of Holland ;

625

The

The Dutch no longer, wou'd be Dutchmen
 But Empress Queen-men, Poles and such men.
 Now cou'd a proper plan be hit on,
 To lay a bridge from France to Britain ;
 We then might ride, 'tis very plain, 630
 Thro' Denmark, Russia, France and Spain,
 Or drive an inland Trade * Chine,
 Which answer wou'd extremely fine ;
 This spoke, a mouse, approaching near,
 To Timothy, the bailiff there ; 635
 He in a twink sprung from his seat,
 Quite cross the room, above six feet,
 In frantic tone, made frantick noise on,
 For Godfake, Master, trap, or poison ;
 My blood is quite in boiling flame, fir, 640
 A mouse, a mouse, a rat, here's game, fir !
 With sudden jerk, did next disäble,
 The punch-bowl, glasses, pipes and table.
 Offended next with furious twank
 The shin of Lord, the nose of Frank. 645

* For China.

38 DON COBLERO: Or,

Demolish'd then a chair or seat,

To fix himself at rat's retreat;

Plac'd nose to hole, his fingers catching,

In attitude of cat, mouse watching:

Those antic gestures mirth afford,

650

To all there present, except Lord,

Who swears, demands on what pretence,

The fool can have to common sense;

Then sent him off with utmost force

The bailiff Tim, with kick on a—se.

655

In this same instant came off journey,

Old Nov'rint Snap, the Lord's attorney;

Whose very looks, shew'd law had lodgment,

Within that skull of bond and judgment;

Yea, ev'ry lineament or feature

660

Declar'd he was a lawful creature.

Had you but seen the courteous greeting,

Or compliments that pass'd at meeting!

His Lordship rose from seat of grandeur,

With head awry like Alexander.

665

The

The Baron smil'd, old Snap look'd big,
In a full-bottom'd curious wig
With greatest freedom and respect,
His Lordship spoke to this effect ;
As one may say, and say it true, 670
How does my fav'rite Council do?
What news from Town, what fun or sport,
How fare my brethren, how the Court ?
Does South-Sea stock, or rise or fall,
Is law brisk at Westminster-hall ; 675
Law, by the z—ns, says Snap, alas !
Our trade is at the d——ft pass,
It e'er has been these twenty years,
We suck our paws like Greenland bears ;
The Town's so curst just and civil, 680
There's no occasion for a devil ;
Of flesh I've had so great a loss,
My skin is ready to ingross ;
All kind of business in the nation,
Is chang'd into one curs'd vacation ; 685

40 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

I think the devil's drawn a bond,

To place me in a sinking fund ;

In pocket now and then I cram,

A spurious, curfed Birmingham ;

I've nothing else wherewith to stock it, 690

Old Sterling's out-law'd from my pocket ;

Besides, I have, to let you know't,

By Dead-pledge, lost my Sunday-coat.

His Lordship much confus'd appear'd,

When he this snappish tale had heard ; 695

Entreats his Snapship to sit down,

And tips his hand with half a crown ;

With meat and drink then well refresh'd,

The vacant paunch of hungry guest.

Aside entreats to mind each word, 700

As he there personated Lord.

Old Nov'rint gave his free consent,

What e'er he pleas'd, might represent ;

Might personate with licence full,

A Beglerbeg, or great Mogul. 705

The

The Baron now on bench replac'd,
A part whereof friend Nov'rint grac'd :
Who begs he'll not thro' inadvertance,
Postpone the business of importance.
I've made the rolls as you decreed, 710
Here take 'em now, my Lord, and read.
The Baron star'd at ev'ry word,
As tho' to read, thro' two inch board ;
A minute pass'd, or rather better,
Before he made out word or letter ; 715
Then to his tenants sternly cries,
Have any here your glazen eyes ;
Thro' those, then view'd each line or word
As mice are, by Minerva's bird,
His face turn'd round, then down and up, 720
From side to side, from foot to top ;
Says he, those glassees (curs'd) provoke us,
Ods ratskins, I can't find the focus ;
It seems my eyes arn't very strong,
Or else the glassees are too young. 725
Not

42 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

Not so, says Crambo, not the glasse,

From diff'rent motive, this the case is ;

The fall you've caught, it has, I'll venture,

Shook oc'lar system to its centre ;

Obstructed vision, or the fire is,

730

Extinct in Pupil, or in Iris,

Then objects must appear confus'd,

If proper remedies ben't us'd :

This med'cine I prefer to all,

(My Nostrum Occulistical)

735

A thousand, thousand times before 'em ;

The sov'reign *Crocus Metallorum*,

Bound upon eye-lids over night,

Per *Corpus meum* you'll have fight.—

Th' Attorney, after proper pause,

740

Observ'd there might perhaps be flaws,

'Twas needful therefore for a clause.

I know, says Snap, as well as you, fir,

Non sum formatus, is my due, fir,

It's Term-time here, which I will see to,

745

Therefore, Dr. cave, caveto.

Impri-

Imprimis therefore, item, legit ?

Non sum culpabilis clausum fregit.

This now became a devilish joint,

So stiffly each maintain'd his point :

750

Their looks so fierce enough to fell 'em,

Artillery was drugs and vellum.

The Baron swore he fear'd a phthific,

Betwixt those Dons of law and physick :

Nor judg'd he which was right or wrong,

755

Entreats 'em each to hold his tongue,

Immediately the Court is mute,

Both Snap and Crambo, end dispute.

Attention gave to ev'ry word,

Proceeding from the mouth of Lord ;

760

Which he deliver'd through his throttle,

As ale decants through neck of bottle ?

If lie came up he seem'd to frown,

Then gave a gulp to keep it down :

His Lordship now return'd the paper

765

To Snap, which made him dance and caper,

With

44 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

With wig half off, and voice elate,

Spoke ev'ry word legitimate :

Pronounc'd it little less than treason,

To doubt the livery and seasin; 770

That instrument had now confirm'd him,

Their Lord Permounto as they term'd him,

And whosoever was the first,

To disobey, wou'd be amerc'd.

The tenants now with furious praise, 775

Acknowledg'd Lord with three huzzas ;

For that they never had, no never,

Heard any mortal talk so clever :

Nay further; that each soul would walk,

A thousand miles to hear him talk : 780

Protest they'll be a firm support,

His Lordship then adjourned Court.

Proceed we next to things as stated,

Or subject never yet debated :

No sooner had the glass pass'd round, 785

Than Baron did each pocket sound :

Protested

Protested 'twas his chief intent,
 Before departure to take rent
 In literal sence, they need not doubt it,
 Then swore he'd not move foot without it, 790
 Now mirth transform'd to dusky gloom,
 Profoundest silence seiz'd the room :
 Till Saunder spoke, my Lord I pray,
 What weather is't, then p—s'd away ;
 Next Grub ask'd leave to go to door, 795
 Stay'd not to p—s, return'd no more :
 Next Frank declar'd that feast and frolick,
 Had made him ill, he'd got the cholic,
 Nor could he scarcely cross the room,
 Yet made a shift to totter home : 800
 His Lordship now appear'd much nettl'd,
 As those remaining seem'd unsettl'd :
 Quoth he it is enough to craze me,
 Say Cram who pro Itin're pays me ;
 Old Nov'rint spoke, what scrubs are these, 805
 Pray who the plague's to pay my fees ?

46 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

Ill issue judgment in a trice,

I neither value rats or mice ;

My fee I'll have by Gad, I'll have it,

There's no occasion for a cavit, 810

This gave the Baron utmost pain,

He wish'd old Snap at home again :

Yet deem'd it prudent to conceal,

What indiscretion wou'd reveal :

The Lord and Lawyer quit their seat, 815

Into a private room retreat ;

Discours'd a while then judg'd it better,

To give each tenant Lawyer's letter.

Affairs agreed on thus and stated,

His Snapship scribl'd and dictated, 820

Protested that with law he'd back it,

Dispatch'd to each th' ungrateful packet ;

The tenant Grub alone could read it,

Which terror brought naught could exceed it ;

Confess'd to Law he was a stranger, 825

They each to each augment the danger ;

Away

Away all post with utmost hurry,
To Lordship, and declare they're sorry;
And further add that ev'ry one meant,
With all their cash to make atonement : 830

Says Snap deposit each your Quota,
Nor curtalize the least Jota :

The danger's great I'd have you know,
If you infringe on quid pro quo :
Quoth Crambo cease your stupid stuff. 835

I want to have the Quantum suff :
Observe the Baron takes his rents,
Gave Snap and Crambo their contents :
And then proceeds in usual way,
His striking talents to display. 840

Condition I will alter said he,
Some thoughts I have to take a Lady,
Does neighbourhood produce an heiress,
Whom now I might address and cares?
The like o'that I always shew, 845
My eloquence in Billet doux :

As

As specimen of my inditing,
 They judge of parts by way of writing;
 'Tis true my fortune is not great,
 Yet honours merit an estate. 850
 I ever hold the maxim good,
 She must give money, I give blood;
 The moment I lay lips upon her,
 The like o'that I say I Don her:
 The case lies here, or here the case is, 855
 Pay no regard to parts or faces;
 Ignobly born or how descended,
 The patron sterling recommended,
 Our dames of old to Gent or Squire;
 I might perhaps move some steps higher; 860
 A hundred thousand has been ready
 To pass from Ma'am to yes my Lady.
 Away then posts the hundred thousand,
 To clear the mortgage of the house and——
 I said before, is any fortune, 865
 Near hand that I may go a courting?

There

Their lives at Hog's-End, Francis said,

A rich old miser, farmer Glede ;

This farmer has an only daughter,

Which divers young men hanker after : 870

For want of money none obtain her,

I make no doubt but you wou'd gain her :

This compliment made mouth to water,

Says Lord, I greedy to be at her ;

A horse I'll have, 'tis best to ride, 875

With running footman by my side :

Says Frank, my horse, is nation safe,

The hobby measures twelve and half.

Old Rumbo tho' he's in his stones,

I'll hazard all your broken bones : 880

This leaping Rumbo was much worse,

Than famous hudibrastic horse,

Whose side approach'd with whip or sting,

Wou'd not move back, but forward spring :

But Rumbo's food was ling or furz, 885

So us'd to pricks, he scorn'd the spurs,

D

Wou'd

50 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

Wou'd stand stock still, or fall to grazing,

His temper really was amazing :

Old Frank advis'd, to reach the place,

To give old Rumbo nat'ral pace :— 890

Let's now observe this mounted Lord,

Equipt—and with his desp'rate sword :

Which by inspection close, was found,

To move within three inch of ground ;

The tenant Francis, Baron's friend, 895

Walk'd on before to shew Hog's-End,

To which, when he was nearly come,

Took leave of Lord, returned home.

Observe the footman did not ride,

But mov'd obliquely by his side : 900

Slowly, the Lord on sober Rumbo,

Advanc'd erect, his arms a Kembo ;

Dispatch'd his servant on before,

To whistle out, or knock at door ; 905

The house with vengeance seem'd alarm'd,

Old Glede steps out with pitch-fork arm'd :

The

The servants some with spits and pokers,
Man Tim suspected them no joakers :
The saucy fluts with stinking mops, 910
Give him some dismal flirts on chops :
At this reception round he wheels,
Ne'er spoke to Lord, but took to heels :
Old Glede observ'd the monster floun,
Sent Towser after, fetch'd him down, 915
But lest the creature shou'd be worry'd,
The farmer to assistance hurry'd,
For Towser had tore off such fleeces,
The liv'ry was in fifty pieces.
As Lord on Rumbo kept his feat, 920
He aim'd to make a good retreat :
But now the vassals pressing hard,
Surrounded, reconnoiter'd Lord :
Attempt by force to make impresson,
Or to surrender at discretion : 925
The boors more furious now and furley,
Compell'd the Lord to beat a parley ;

52 *D O N C O B L E R O*! Or,

What tho', say he, 'tis hero's fate,

To treat, or to capitulate,

A sword I wear, which has a sheath,

930

Memento mori, think of death;

The motto's so, observe me right,

I've not the least intent to fight,

I am a Baron, and so forth,

The like o'that of * Littleworth;

935

My Billet doux I beg you'll read,

It pays respect to Missy Glede,

Whom I intend to make a Lady,

With your kind approbation—Daddy.

With flaming eyes and furious look,

940

To this effect the farmer spoke :

Thou have my daughter—Devil as soon,

Thou have my daughter, thou baboon :

Thou clodpate, have you got the † kelter,

Thou have her, have her, no ; a halter.

945

Where are the teams, the crowded barn,

The spacious fields, the ricks of corn,

* The name of his Manor.

† Cant name for money.

The

The ratling gears, the plough, the harrow ;
 Or pleasing lines of ridge and furrow ;
 Thou have Cloddella, where's your kine, 950
 The poultry, straw-yard, thriving swine ;
 With six inch bacon, constant food,
 A mountain rais'd, and piles of wood ;
 Harmonious keys of threefold chest,
 To view each day the golden nest ; 955
 On such conditions any mortal
 May have Cloddella, her, and her tail.—
 With haughty and indignant smile,
 The Lord sat musing for a while ;
 Till rous'd by honour, shame, or pride, 960
 Emphatically thus reply'd.
 No teams, no chattels, hay or corn, fir,
 Which only rusticks do adorn, fir,
 Deserve my notice, mine is honour,
 The which if I confer upon her, 965
 Depend upon't, 'tis my intent,
 T'have roundy sum equivalent :

54 *D O N C O B L E R O*: Or,

The like observe me what I say,
Shou'd Barons throw themselves away?
With doubl'd fury Glede replies, 970
Tho' thrown away, thou acre wife:
Thou fwinethrough, husky, hinder-end,
Produce the kelter---there's your friend;
Can any be a clever fellow,
Without his bags of white and yellow? 975
No, I'll uphod you, where's the Spirit?
Where dwells no money, lives no merit;
How oft have I seen Worthy pass me,
With tattar'd coat, the fool can't face me;
Tho' cramb'd with nonsense brought from schools, 980
I shake my purse, to fright such fools,
My purse takes better sence by half,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, it makes me laugh.
Last market-day, my Landlord said,
Give up that chair to Mr. Glede. 985
The feat becomes him, it's his due,
He's worth kelter far than you,

Now

Now therefore fellow, homeward jog on,
 Or by the mow, I'll fet the dog on;
 Tell me of virtue, or how great. 990
 Thou wants the kelter, crime complete!
 We'll now present this Lord turn'd out,
 Of farmer's-yard, with stones and shout,
 Whilst shot unlawful whiz and rattle,
 Says Lord I fear' to die in battle; 995
 But then how great will be my fall,
 The Baron chronological!
 To fly more swift, the Lord and Tim,
 Apply'd to Rumbo every limb:
 The Lord with sword, the man with cudgel, 1000
 To save their lives, was not to judge ill;
 When footman's seem'd to fail,
 He caught fast hold on Rumbo's tail;
 With this appearance both arrive
 At Littleworth, but half alive. 1005
 Some steps from door, the tenants meet,
 Their rightful Lord, their Lord to greet;

Demand

56 D O N C O B L E R O: Or,

Demand in haste, what fatal matter
Had cloth'd poor Tim in such a tatter;
And why his Lordship out of breath,
So much resembl'd shade of death :
The Lord reply'd in flattish tone,
Poor boy and me, were near undone ;
We lost the road, and I believes,
They were or smugglers or thieves !
The facts I'll not enlarge or curtail,
My valour shines beyond no mortal.
I fought on horseback, ne'er dismounted,
The like o'that, the numbers counted ;
Quite thro' the villains cut my way,
(By ratbane, mind me what I say :)
And now what further may be said,
Concerning Miss and Mr. Glede ;
The marriage treaty, as I call't,
Was broke off soly, by my fault ;
Th' old Gemman begg'd, and Missy fainted,
That Gad, my heart almost recanted ;

Yet

Yet I was complaisant and civil,

The cash was wanting, there's the Devil.

What's here observ'd, was said before, 1030

My honour must have money store.

When I took leave she fell in fits,

I greatly fear, she's loose her wits.-----

Lord now concludes, his love discourse,

Returns the famous Rumbo horse : 1035

Confines poor Tim to sep'rate room,

Left blund'ring out the truth might come.

My Lord then took both punch and beer in,

Nearly a pound and better, cheer in ;

And then with Nov'rint quits his seat, 1040

Into adjoining room retreat :

Immediately the creature Francis,

To Lord's apartment now advances ;

Then fawns and smiles, and begs their pardon,

His love to both, then presses hard on : 1045

Observe what 'caus'd his ill behaviour,

Was only to entreat a favour.

58 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

The Baron vows and swears he'll do't

What cause soever be the suit.

Says Frank, I'm sorry't shou'd be spoken; 1050

Your tenant Careful's nearly broken,

'Twou'd give your Lordship discontent,

To see his shocking management.

For to dissemble, lye and flatter,

You know (I hope's) against my nature : 1055

My choice, good Lord, if you be willing,

I'll give you more than fifty shilling,

In yearly rent, or if you please

I'll take a ninety-nine year's lease ;

Yea, further, if I'm not too bold, 1060

I'll buy it, if it may be sold :

Your good attorney here can draw't,

I'll give him half a piece to do't ;

Nay, further, if that sum won't do,

Here's five old guineas more for you. 1065

Odz—ns says Noverint, who wou'd loose all,

This generous, upright, just proposal

Of

Of honest Francis, by the rolls,

He is the very soul of souls.

Reply'd the Lord, as one may say, 1070

And like o'that, upon the way;

'Tis scarcely honest is't? I doubt,

To turn my tenant Careful out;

Honest, says Snap, the d—st nonsense,

The bugbear of a tim'rous conscience: 1075

A man may gnaw the honest bone,

By Jove, 'till he can't walk alone;

Let no weak scruples now prevent it,

My body for't, you'll not repent it;

Think you that brethren of the Laws, 1080

Are always hearty in the cause?

In every law-suit, some are made ones,

Then who the plague, wou'd plead the bad ones,

If ty'd to consciencious rules,

Of low-liv'd, sneaking, honest fools. 1085

'Twas nothing but a Lawyer's wit,

Belov'd tautology cou'd hit:

The

60 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

The chief design of modern law
Is made, to keep our class in awe,
Who can with ease a tryal smother, 1090
But not with ease beguile each other.

The Baron gave a strict attention,
To ev'ry sentence Snap did mention :
Declar'd, he had in fact been told,
That Careful's farm cou'd not be fold ; 1095
Because they say't's intail'd upon

Young kinsman Dick, my brother's son :

Quoth Snap, let that concern be mine,

I'll sell the Devil by a fine ;

And now I've thrown this witty stroke in, 1100

Aha, my Lord, I can't help joaking.

The business done, from thence they come,

Rejoin their company and room :

The Sycophant near Careful seated,

(Not knowing what had been debated) 1105

Now shook his hand, declar'd he lov'd him,

In Christian manner as't behov'd him ;

Gave

Gave hints, the Baron was meer tool,
 But once remov'd from nat'ral fool;
 With innocence old Care replies, 1110
 I also think my Lord's not wise;
 Yet that's to me, nor good, or harm,
 Provided I enjoy my farm,
 With my endeavour and God's blessing,
 My little flock still keeps increasing. 1115
 I envy none, or riches covet,
 If fortune frowns I'll live above it;
 Confide in God, learn how to live,
 Who equally can take and give.
 The villain now, complete impostor! 1120
 Removes from Careful to his master,
 Takes him aside, protests he's fearful,
 To speak the words, express'd by Careful,
 T'affront your Lordship, who can bear it,
 It shockt me nationly to hear it. 1125
 Your tenant Careful, by my foul,
 Abus'd your Honour, call'd you fool:

And

And that it was his firm belief,

You was some highwayman or thief.

The Baron swears, a just pretence, 1130

To turn him out, 'twill save expence :

But keep it close, with strict observance,

To speak on't now will breed disturbance :

Observe me therefore what you say,

I take you in next Lady-day : 1134

“ An honest man, I'm sorry for't,

“ Is oftentimes ruin'd by report,

“ And whilst oppression fills her bags,

“ Who dare be honest, starves in rags.”

But now as time thus hastes away, 1140

And business finish'd of the day,

I promis'd, tho' your Lord Permout,

Of voy'ge and travels strange account ;

But first, my lads, to make all clear,

In Plano I'll project the sphere ; 1145

The world's a globe all flat and even,

With lines to sail by six or seven :

Now

Now let's suppose this ring may be,
The outward edge of land and sea :
In which is plac'd each center'd Pole, 1150
The sky round touching like a bowl.
These two great lines, in fact but one,
Is equinoctial horizon :
Exactly when you've got so far,
You're Antipod to Temple Bar : 1155
These are the lines of special moment,
I'll say no more by way of comment ;
But haste to voy'ge, which I'll engage,
Was never par'd in any age :
They'll tell you for example's sake, 1160
Of my great uncle Francis Drake ;
Discourse with equal share of folly,
Of mother's cousin Walter Raleigh ;
Or others, which they hap, or chance on
Schoolfellow Damp and messmate A——n. 1165
The like—observe me what I say,
They were all clever in their way :

But

64 *D O N C O L B E R O* : Or,

But Wright and me, by my direction,

Have brought it to this great perfection.

With good sea stock of beef and water, 1170

We from St. Helens took departure ;

Upon the N. W. Rumb did steer,

Our course was for the Isle Madere.

The first five days but gentle gales,

We crowded top and studding sails, 1175

But just at noon, were sore afraid

Of tempest, 'cause a fine mermaid

Appear'd to us in beauteous form,

Which always preindicts a storm ;

An ivory comb in right hand was, 1180

In left, a fine large Holland glass ;

Her lovely locks as she did comb,

We heard her sing " Britons strike home :"

Then rais'd herself to th' end of tail,

We plainly saw she was a male, 1185

Or what the vulgar call a heder,

'Twas vastly clear she was no sheeder.

She

She had no sooner said good by,
Than sea was rais'd to mountains high,
Our ship did nearly touch the sky ; 1190
Then sunk much lower than a coal-pit,
We thought there'd not be left a whole bit ;
And labour'd thus as one may say,
From ten at night, to twelve next day ;
But ten times worse than I've related ; 1195
At three o'clock the storm abated,
And nothing more of wond'rous sort
Occur'd till safe arriv'd in port.
'Twas here we saw the dreadful-pike,
Which does with fear spectators strike : 1200
It most resembles in all shapes,
A mortal bunch of Spanish grapes ;
It's grown of late so dismal high,
To bore its way quite through the sky.—
We next weigh'd anchor, stood for Greenland, 1205
Within the mighty gulph of Finland ;

66 *D O N C O B L E R O*: Or,

So call'd from fins, and monstrous tails
Of large prodigious spouting whales.

'Twas in this sea, I well remember,

About the twentieth of September ; 1210

My first Lieutenant Peter Gore,

Attended at my state-room door :

Entreating I'd take observation,

As sun was in Meridian station :

Then starts on deck, takes vast of pains, 1215

Then turn'd my back to shift the vanes :

And as the sun did splendent shine,

I found we were North, ninety-nine.

We then hail'd up for Caspi'n Sea,

To lade with brandy, rum and tea ; 1220

But as I ne'er was there before,

They man'd the yawl, I went on shore :

Was quite astonish'd there to see,

The monstrous crops of Congo tea ;

Exactly as our English hop-yards, 1225

The tea-poles stand in Congo crop-yards.

My

My seamen here from mast discover,
 Bold Angria the Sallee Rover ;
 He got the gage, with utmost power,
 Bore down upon us sail and oar : 1230
 With boiling blood, and fierce enragement,
 Then drew this sword, for close engagement,
 And acted in these bloody scenes,
 As Col'nel of the horse marines :
 None of distinction there did die, 1235
 Or were much wounded except I :
 To cut it short we got the day,
 Oblig'd the * Moors to run away ;
 We now lust up for Isle Jamaica,
 Where grows the best Virginian 'bacco, 1240
 The sun's so mortal hot i'th † Inges,
 All forts of woollen cloth it finges :
 Nay, really if I'm not mistaken,
 'Twill roast an egg and fry the bacon.
 But now my lads pray what wou'd ye do, 1245
 If seen or felt by fish Torpedo.

* The hero again out in his geography.

† Indies.

68 *D O N C O B L E R O* : Or,

At Spanish Town Torpedo struck,

Our sheat, or best bow'r anchor fluke ;

This numb'd the planks, directly then

The planks that instant stun'd the men, 1250

The men with their unhealthful breath,

Struck stiff ten thousand flies to death.

We left Jamaica just at noon,

At ten next morning fetch'd Gombroon,

According to the western mode, 1255

In Palaquin I went abroad ;

A curious shade my sense invited,

Palmetto-grove my soul delighted ;

Whose monst'rous leaves at these examples,

Make leather coaches, lead their temples, 1260

Slate for houses, sails for shipping,

And stone troughs too for liquors keeping.

Oft with the * Maybobs I resorted,

To Sultan's Court, where I was courted ;

This monarch's, mother's, brother's daughter, 1265

In love with me came weeping after :

* Naybobs.

Nor could I have her suit withstood,
But for my King and Cantry's good :
His Highness said 'twas monstrous pity,
I wou'd not sign the marry'ge treaty,
As Betsy Achmat his relation,
Wou'd run into a desperation.

1270

From thence we coasted the Red Sea,
To call at Wenice in our way ;
To take in raff and iron there,
And then huzza for Anglitterre.

1275

It seems says Sly, as tho' your Lordship
Had been the sport of utmost hardship :

Your voy'ge and travels correspond,

No mortal yet e'er went beyond

1280

Those fam'd exploits, can aught excel,

The fame that wants a parallel ?

Your ship was of surprizing nature,

Cou'd sail in air, or land, or water :

Impel'd with such progressive pow'r,

1285

To run a thousand knots per hour.

The

70 *D O N C O B L E R O*: Or,

The Baron here made no reply,

Or paid the least regard to Sly.

Now lastly, to avoid confusion,

'Tis nearly time to draw conclusion: 1290

Nor will I by a slow procedure,

Fatigue the patience of my reader,

But send Coblero home again,

Without direction from my pen.

Where he himself does straight unhero, 1295

Address'd as Cob, not Don Coblero.

This Satyr (take my word for pledge)

Is pointed, if it wears an edge,

Against the lying, bragging boaster,

And ev'ry species of Impostor; 1300

Of Adam's race, if every one son,

(Yea Butler's greater by F——h J——n)

Held equal rank in art or science,

Than each, to each might bid defiance,

A fainter genius, flighter scope, 1305

Distinguish Milton, also Pope.

The

The stars themselves, we rank, or muster,
From diff'rent magnitude and lustre.

Thus less or greater we are made,

As shade falls on its proper shade,

1310

To give comparison its due,

The meaner I, the greater you.

A simile my muse affords,

Deduc'd from diff'rent flights of birds.

All thoughts sublime heroic pow'r,

1315

Can with the tow'ring eagle soar.

Whilst some content with middle region,

Fly gaily with the rapid pigeon.

Beneath this class I'll humbly follow,

And skim the plain with lowly swallow,

1320

With her retreat for cogent reason,

My Muse is in her dormant season.

F I N I S.

THE ROCK BARN OWL

The fate themselves, warring on nature

From distant regions and inland

Thus is it of greater we are made

As birds fill on its great shade

To give comparison the day

The measure, the greater year

A little may find about

Deduct from distant light of birds

All thoughts sublime heroic power

Can with the lowing eagle soar

Whilst some content with middle region

Try gaily with the rapid pigeon

Beneath this state I'll humbly follow

And claim the plain with forty swallows

With her retreat for elegant reason

My Male is in her dominant reason

T. W. M. 1830

